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aisle to the chancel. The pall bearers were General J. L. Graham, Dr. Horace Webster, Messrs. Valentine G. Hall, W. H. Peckham, Mr. Adey, James E. Cooley, Van Schuyk, F. S. Winston, J. Cameron. The coffin was covered with black cloth and handsomely mounted with silver, the plate bearing the inscription:—

W. STRONG.
BORN APRIL 30, 1805,
DIED MARCH 16, 1867.

A cross, a wreath and an elaborately constructed crown, woven of camelias beautifully intertwined with evergreens, rested on the lid of the coffin, which, during the service, was placed just without the chancel rail.

The usual funeral anthem was impressively chanted by the choir. The Rev. Dr. Dyer read the lesson taken from 1 Corinthians, xv., at the close of which the Rev. Dr. Tyng announced the 139th hymn, "Rock of Ages cleft for me."

After the singing of the hymn the reverend doctor delivered a most appropriate funeral address. The hymn which they had just heard, he said, was a faithful memoir of his departed friend. It had been his privilege to enjoy more than twenty-one years of the most intimate fellowship and communion with the deceased. During all this time scarcely a month, and often not a week, had elapsed without an interchange of conversation between them upon the great truths of Christianity and the interests of the Christian cause. The whole course of his life might be set before the youth of America for their profitable study, as affording an instance of the high position and universal respect and esteem which crowns rectitude, to be faithful in the discharge of all his responsibilities and upright in the performance of every duty. The speaker then went on to allude to the early life of General Strong in this city. His father was a venerable revolutionary soldier. He himself came to New York penniless and alone. He had found a friend in a large hearted citizen who still lived to bless others with his benefits—enduring with contentment every trial and privation; manifesting everywhere cheerfulness, fidelity, thoroughness in all he undertook; he won a reputation unsullied by crime and unstained by reproach. His life was full encouragement of as it was replete with instruction to every poor boy in America who feels within his soul those aspirations for a high and useful life which God has planted there. It would be twenty-two years next November since his first interview with General Strong. The General sought his ministrations, and God was pleased to make him the instrument of leading him to Christ. In all those years his Christian character had been growing towards maturity. His personal kindness, regard and even veneration for him had been unvarying. For several years he has been a valued vestryman of St. George's church, and was, in fact, the founder of the local missionary work of that parish. In everything relating to religion he took a deep interest. The triumphs of the gospel was his delight. Nothing so inspired him with thankfulness as the progress of God's truth and the extension of Christ's kingdom. Could he dare to speak of the domestic scene which he had graced, what beautiful revelations might be made! An unceasing flow of kindness, consideration and love characterized his life in this sphere and made the home which God had given him to bless as happy as it was possible for an earthly home to be. The doctor then spoke in terms of affectionate remembrance of the patience and lovely devotion which marked his late illness. The last few months of his life had been a beautiful Indian summer to an existence beautifully spent. There was one point in his character upon which he would not willingly be silent—his fidelity to his country. It was that which had brought him there. He had returned from abroad on the breaking out of the war, leaving his family behind him, to offer his services to the nation which he loved, in the defence of that government for which he would willingly shed his blood. In his military course he showed a thor-

oughly practical and discriminating executive ability. General Halleck had said of him, when in the destructive climate of Cairo, he was superintending the arrangement and construction of armies, "He does more work than any three generals in the field." His overtaxed energies combined with the effects of the climate had undermined a constitution originally robust. He had died a martyr to his country. For this he honored and respected him. With an earnest exhortation to his hearers to prepare for that hour of departure which must come to all, the reverend doctor brought his address to a close.

The solemn committal service was then read, the procession reformed and the remains were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery for interment.

HOOK'S NEW ORGAN.

EXHIBITION OF MESSRS. HOOK'S NEW ORGAN.—The organ built by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook for the Shawmut (Rev. Dr. Webb's) Church was exhibited for the second time, yesterday afternoon and evening, the occasion attracting a large collection of musicians and music lovers, notwithstanding the storm.

The performances were well calculated to display the instrument in a favorable light—Mr. Willcox, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Clark, and Mrs. Frohock being the organists for the two occasions. A wide range of pieces were chosen by these performers and the organ's individual beauty and fine collective power showed admirably under such able illustration. The instrument carries all the Messrs. Hook's well-known characteristics of manufacture, being well-voiced, extensive in its range, varied and extremely beautiful in its orchestral features and capacity, wealthy in its combinations and weighty and commanding in its full power.

At the first exhibition several weeks ago the organ was not fully completed, and its merits could not therefore be wholly appreciated. This instrument is the largest, with the exception of one, in any church in America, and that was built a short time since by the Messrs. Hook, for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was the aim of the manufacturers in their last work to build an instrument which should include in its construction all the modern improvements in organ building. It was not the design to construct an organ so brilliant as that at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, but with tones mellow and rich, specially adapted to the Protestant form of worship. The building of two instruments so different, and yet so meritorious, as the two above-named, shows rare skill on the part of the manufacturers.

One of the notable features of the new instrument is the introduction of an arrangement called the "Patent Hydraulic Organ Blower"—an English invention, which the Messrs. Hook will hereafter attach to their large church organs. The Cochituate water is conveyed through a pipe about two inches in diameter, which sets the piston at work, as in the case of a steam engine. The instrument is regulated by the bellows above, according to the playing, the largest amount of water being required when the full power of the instrument is used. Applications have been made by several church committees in this city to introduce this invention into other organs. It is economical and never-failing, sleepless, and always ready and willing to work.

It is needless to enter fully into a description of the instrument, which is marked by all the excellencies in construction for which the establishment of Messrs. Hook is noted. Their last effort, although of a distinctive character in tone and power from the others, fully sustains the high reputation of their previous works.

They have now in course of construction an instrument for St. James's Catholic Church (Rev. Dr. Healey's), which is to cost upwards of \$10,000; one of a similar description for Cincinnati; and still another for a church in New Jersey. But their business is not confined entirely to manu-

facturing the *largest* church organs. The firm is now fulfilling contracts for nearly twenty smaller organs, the prices ranging from one to five thousand dollars, which are to be used in different parts of the country.

By keeping thoroughly informed upon all European progress in their art, and by devising new and ingenious improvements themselves, the Messrs. Hook produce instruments which can stand the test of the most enlightened criticism. The readiness with which they adapt their instruments to the requirements of the edifices into which they are to be placed shows much tact, and the intelligent enterprise which marks the fulfillment of their contracts is worthy of praise. As specimens of workmanship their organs reflect credit upon American mechanical skill; and the fresh excellencies revealed in each indicate that they keep pace with the advancing musical tastes of the public.—*Boston Daily Transcript*.

THE WAY FOR AN AUTHOR TO LIVE.—There is a legend afloat among the Bohemian literateurs of New-York, that somewhere in the vast establishment of Harper Brothers in Franklin Square, there is a hall, or suite of rooms, fitted up as an author's heaven, and that within its sacred purlieus, Chablis, Champagne, and stout ale perpetually do flow, while *pate de foi gras* and like edibles are the common diet, while of luxuriant couches, and all the appliances of ease, there is no end. We have never known any who could positively say that they have dwelt within these halls and returned to the world to tell the tale, but yet we have faith. The nearest approach to this abode of bliss is this extract from a letter of Balzac's which has lately been exhumed in Paris. He was a writer of powerful imagination.

In this broiling month (July) I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wine is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath; and divide the other half between an orange-grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a couch. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them: I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia-Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jessamine, that I actually swim in it. While my neighbors, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely upon birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet. . . . My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau, but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solar ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman appear tolerable handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pheasants: wherever I walk, I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.

The runaway Duke of Tuscany has turned up as a claimant for all the pictures he left behind him when he scampered away from the Pitti Palace. The Italian government does not feel like giving them up, or having them sold or scattered. They have therefore appointed a commission to have a talk with his highness and either bring him down, or come down themselves with an equivalent. The collection has been valued at three millions of dollars.